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Moving Picture Stories

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The WOES of A GREAT LOVER

She was Never Engaged to Charlie

Beginning "The AFFAIRS of LADY HAMILTON"

Lois Wilson

Next Week! — "WITHIN THE LAW." A Gripping Story — Next Week!

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The Woes Of A Great Lover

Ramon Navarro Recounts Some of the Disadvantages of Being a Modern Romeo

THE disadvantages of being a "great lover"? The disadvantages of being *called* a "great lover"? The general supposition is that such a person has all the advantages in his favor—but the opposite is true.

To cite the most important, it greatly diminishes a chance for real happiness—that is, assuming that the man so called is not a Don Juan, but is endowed with desire for a quiet domestic existence. The fact that Nature has perhaps been overlavish in her endowments and that such endowments have a particular appeal to many people is not his fault at all. By temperament, by desire, and by fundamental character he may desire to be merely John Smith or Tom Jones. Let us say that it is only in his work that he plays the rôle of the great lover. Then what happens?

Immediately he becomes an object of suspicion. He is everywhere accused of being false, insincere, unreliable and incapable of real friendship; not to his face, of course. The jealous husband is reluctant to invite the "great lover" to his home lest he alienate the affections of his wife; the suitor steers his sweetheart to the opposite side of the street the moment he sees the "great lover" approaching; the father and mother oppose their daughter's friendship with the "great lover" lest he arouse, if even unconsciously, unrequited affections that may lead to melancholia; the women warn one another against him because the ages have proved that "great lovers" are inconstant. So goes the round.

"His real chance for happiness may easily be ruined when this John Smith meets 'the only girl.'"

But his real chance for happiness may easily be ruined when this John Smith—Tom Jones meets "the only girl." How can he convince her of his sincerity when the

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world has pronounced him the "great lover"? The world in this case is as friendly a benefactor as was the friendly bear who guarded his sleeping master. A fly alighted on the master's face. The bear picked up a huge stone and hurled it at the fly to scare it off. He killed the man with his kindness.

The title of "great lover" leads a man into many embarrassing positions. If he is at a dance he is the cynosure of all eyes. Perhaps he has gone there to be with one particular person, to dance with her or to spend part of the time sitting in some quiet corner exchanging confidences to the rhythm of the music. But in this he is by no means a free agent. His attentions even if they are of the pure "pal" variety will be misconstrued by the curious guests; perhaps they will place his companion in an embarrassing position, make her the target of empty gossip, echoes of which will reach her many months after the dance is but a hazy memory.

On the other hand, his intentions in attending may have been the most friendly, the most generalized, but the party is spoiled because half of the guests are not receiving the attention they expected, the young women are watching one another jealously to see which will be the favorite. From the corner of one's eye one can see them covertly examining one another, weighing in comparison perfections and imperfections, with the result that some of the fair guests begin to droop and wilt away rapidly while others blossom forth, flushed and happy. And all this, mind you, out of mere anticipation—the "great lover" as yet may not have appeared on the scene at all. Can you picture what a wretched time would be had by all?

I am not saying anything about the "compliments" these young ladies would pass on one another on their way home, in the privacy of the taxi or the street car. One can imagine. If he is by nature shy and reserved then he is "stuck up." If he is exuberant, always full of life, then he is "conceited." This is not a paradox—you can readily see how it works both ways.

The unrenowned man may be a genius, but he works his miracles in the peace and quiet of his study or his laboratory. The "great lover" can have no such privacy. The whole world finds cause to examine his shortcomings and pass judgment thereon. He is spoiled, he is vain, he is stupid (this by the way as a compensation for his other perfections—the proper balance of nature's gifts, such people say). He is coarse, he is vulgar, he is pompous, he is overrated, and last, "what do they see in this fellow after all?"

So far I have generalized on some of the disadvantages of the "great lover" from the point of view of the reactions of such a sobriquet upon the outside life of the man. In reference to his art it offers another set of complications which are equally important.

For instance, strange as it may seem, it limits his art. He is permitted to play that one rôle. He has none of the varieties of character to portray. His are not the delights of the

Ramon Navarro and Alice Terry in "Where the Pavement Ends."

supreme artist who enters his dressing-room, performs a few magic manipulations, and comes forth as the Wizard of Oz from the Land of Make-Believe, or becomes the follower of Confucius, or Mahomet, and countless other prototypes with equal facility. This is the realm which is the heart's desire of every true artist, but alas, the "great lover" must shine forth *au naturel* to please his audiences the most.

"Let me play a 'character part,' " he begs the director, the producer.

"You in a character part!" they ejaculate. "How long do you think you would keep your following, would be a box-office attraction? The public loves you because 'all the world loves a lover,' and you are a 'great lover.' Step out of that rôle just once and see what will happen. A character part? Yes—maybe twenty years from now."

He will therefore have no chance to develop the true art that defies age because his acting has been confined to youth and the things of youth. Perhaps when the whispers begin, "My, he is growing too old, too stout, too set for those rôles," the faculty for characterization may be a new field into which he treads with all the awkwardness of an amateur.

What care they for censors or earthquakes? (Ramon and Barbara La Marr in "Trifling Women.")

The question before the house is not "Can she get away?" but "Does she want to get away?" (From "Trifling Women.")

Then, too, there will come in time a slight tendency on the part of the "great lover" to relax a little, oh ever so slightly at first, on the pure technique of the art of acting. (I am speaking, of course, of the "great lover" on the screen or stage.) He will come to rely, just a little at first, on his pleasing countenance, on his graceful posturing, on his interesting meditated gestures, on his stage or screen personality. This habit will grow unconsciously greater and greater until it will become noticeable and finally ruin the art of the "great lover" altogether.

There will be no one exactly to blame for this; a little the artist for his carelessness, a little the director for his overlooking it, a little the public because its adulation and expectations played up the personality and not the artist.

I could cite real cases where just this is the result. If any one reading this article looks around the screen arena he will see proof of this in the few leading figures.

Nevertheless I am happy in my work. I am happy to please my public. After all it is only in introspection that such thoughts come to the surface. Otherwise we all forget such bothersome details and put our very best into our rôles.

She Was Never Engaged To Charlie

Ethel Shannon Gives Her First Interview to Virginia T. Morris

THE scratching of the pen as a new player signs her name to a long-term contract is the interviewer's cue. She picks up her note-book, sharpens three new pencils, and starts out to discover all there is to be known about the past, the present and the future plans of the actress involved.

Little Ethel Shannon, who has contributed small parts to the season's screen in "The Hero" and "The Girl Who Came Back," is the latest to have her efforts rewarded with an advantageous contract; so off the interviewer went to find out all about it at the Schulberg Studios, the home of Preferred Pictures, the company under whose banner Ethel will hereafter be seen.

She is only as big as thirty seconds, a petite little brunette with a humorous twinkle in her lustrous black eyes that peer out at you from under a fringe of very long, very silky lashes. You could hardly expect her to be serious about anything, certainly not about an interview, though she tried to say with solemnity and ceremony that this was her first one.

"Of course you have come to ask me a lot of high-brow questions," she began, "what I read, for instance, and then I'm supposed to say that I eat up philosophy. Then you think I'll add that I never go to see a play unless it's in Russian and that I never do anything in my spare time but study and polish up on my art.

"Since you know all that I'll tell you some news that's really startling now that I have a contract. Here's a statement you haven't heard from many stars—I'm not engaged to Charlie Chaplin; what's more, I never have been and, as far as I know now, I never will be. That's the height of every girl's ambition out here in Hollywood, and the best part of it is that most of them apparently realize it at some time or other. But don't you think"—a tiny little line of concentration showed itself on her forehead—"don't you think the fact that I'm not and have no hopes may get me a few lines of publicity, even my picture, in the newspapers or magazines—that is if I can supply one that is sufficiently snappy and artistic. My press agent, Roy Leek, says:

" 'If you really want to succeed you must keep before the public, have interviews and a good supply of pictures to illustrate them. But you must never, never appear as if you want to be interviewed. In fact, it is well to affect a slight air of boredom.' But I'm not really bored and I'm not yet enough of an actress to appear that way. In fact, I'm thrilled, terribly thrilled, at my first interview, and I'm going to strain my eyes waiting for it to come out in the magazine.

"There I go—doing all the talking and not giving you a chance to ask

Ethel, pensive, wistful, demure — but then she isn't always that way.

"A girl just doesn't belong until she's had a picture of herself in jail published in the Sunday rotogravures."

me a single question. In my study of how to be interviewed I've learned that a star usually reclines becomingly on a chaise longue while the interviewer fires all kinds of questions at her."

All this time Ethel was nonchalantly perched on a pile of boards the carpenters were using to build a set for Gasnier's new picture, "Daughters of the Rich," in which she has her first featured rôle. The tilt of her head and the twinkle in her eye betrayed that she had a sense of humor and didn't take everything very seriously—not even interviews. But she was primed for action, so we began:

"The fans will be awfully interested to know to what you attribute your success."

"Determination and hard work—I've read the *American* magazine ever since I was a kid," our subject replied.

We came right back at her with "When your contract was announced the papers said you rose from an extra to a leading lady in three days."

"Yes, that's right," confirmed Ethel. "Screen success comes quickly. It took me only three years to get those three days' work. Then Bert Lytell offered me the lead opposite him in 'It's Easy to Make Money.'"

"By the way," we interrupted, "what's your formula for keeping in condition?"

Ethel considered.

"Well, I haven't been asked to write any testimonials yet, so I can tell you. I take a brisk ride every morning before breakfast. There's nothing like the exercise of a brisk ride to keep you in condition. Before you get a chance to ask me what my hobby is I'm going to tell you it's riding. My press agent says I simply must have a hobby, but I told him that just because I have a contract now it's no reason why he should expect me to adopt half a dozen monkeys or fondle a pet rhinoceros, so I compromised with him and said riding would be my hobby."

"I suppose you've got a picture of yourself on your horse?"

(*Continued on page* 20)

"Why should he expect me to adopt half a dozen monkeys or fondle a pet rhinoceros?"

Their First Love Affair

Rae Wright Delves Into Heart Secrets and Emerges Sans Fatalities

PART TWO

HEART throbs still continue to be the world's all-absorbing topic, defying time, age, place, and caste. What matter if the quickening of the pulse was the first effort of Dan Cupid? The memory of his visit has gained in retrospection and it is with a feeling akin to reverence that we bring it forth from its treasure-box, sweet with the scent of lavender and rosemary.—*Rae Wright.*

"I still give him my allegiance and never miss an opportunity to see him."
—Bebe Daniels.

By BEBE DANIELS

MY very earliest love affair? Oh, hum! Let's see! Can I think back that far?

Why, of course! Now I remember. And the unusual part of it is that in all the years that have elapsed since then and now that blessed creature still occupies a very warm spot in the cozy corner of my heart.

The first time I saw him I was about eight years old. I laughed so boisterously that I had to be taken out of the house. My, but he was funny!

And after that I could be made to behave when all else failed by promises that if I would be good I should be taken to see him as a reward.

I even named a cat after him, a perfectly good cat that lived to be a credit to his calling and to all his native land, just like Tommy Atkins in the Kipling song.

When I grew older and was put on an allowance instead of sponging on my fond parents for my amusements, I used to go without lollypops, pickles, ice-cream sodas and all the other species of riotous living that school girls usually blow in their money for, to buy theatre tickets — so that I might have more of my hero's company.

Pictures of him adorned every room in the house and were plastered so thickly on the walls of my bedroom that we might easily have dispensed with any other form of interior decoration and no one would have been the wiser.

Every song that my adored one helped to make popular I bought and sang until the neighbors almost hated the sound of a light opera or musical comedy.

For—I cannot longer conceal his identity—my first love was America's beloved comedian, dean of musical comedy stars, DeWolf Hopper.

I still give him my allegiance and never miss an opportunity to see him.

Recently he formed a stock company of his own and put on a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Although I was working at that time at the Long Island Studios of the Paramount Pictures Corporation way out in Astoria, and was so rushed that I often had to stay until 2 in the morning (not daylight-saving time, either), I went way over to Newark, N. J., in order to see him in the "Pirates of Penzance" and hear him recite as only DeWolf Hopper can recite it, that

(*Continued on Page* 29)

"We met years ago when I was just making my start in films."—Marguerite Courtot.

Confessions Of A Picture Star

By ETHEL ROSEMON

November 21

THE phone rang at six o'clock tonight just as Dora, Jimmie and I had put the tomato soup over the Sterno.

"Bennet!" Dora and I chorused as we made a dash for the door.

"Halt!"" cried Jimmie, barring our way. "Where are your brains, fellow convicts?"

He pointed down at the rug which we had tucked around the sill to keep the soup, or rather the smell of it, from penetrating into the hall.

"Oh, we forgot," we murmured contritely.

"But, Jimmie, suppose the call is for us from Griffith — or somebody — what's what?" Dora asked.

"Righto."

He took a cigarette from his pocket and began puffing vigorously. When Mrs. E.'s call floated up the hall he shoved me through the crack in the door and blew a cloud of smoke after me.

"Clever — that," I heard Dora laugh as I hurried down the stairs.

Sure enough, it was Mr. Bennet. We are both to report at the Dyckman Street Ferry at eight-thirty tomorrow morning; that is, "if the sun is shining and the sky is cloudless."

"Let's celebrate with some ice cream," Jimmie suggested when I returned with the glad tidings.

"But the invitation wasn't for you, old-timer," Dora reminded him, "and besides suppose the sun doesn't shine?"

"Well it's bound to sooner or later," he remarked optimistically as we each contributed to the feast.

"Auntie Marie" happened along at just that minute, so we made her our errand-boy.

I have set my clock for six and am to awaken Dora if the sun is shining and the sky is cloudless.

"No use of spoiling two faces," she remarked.

Some people seem just made for tams, and Pearl White is one of them.

November 22

When I got up at six this morning the sun was out, but the sky was cloudy, one of those shall-I-laugh-or - shall - I - cry? days. I sat by the window a whole hour trying the mind-over-matter theory, but perhaps I haven't enough mind. I went to sleep again and Dora woke me at nine.

"Such luck!" she greeted. "If the director falls for us, the sun won't give us a tumble."

"Well, to-morrow's another day," I remarked cheerfully.

"Yes, and another day's room rent," Dora supplemented.

Harry Henderson came into the room this evening, a letter in his hand and a delighted grin on his face. The letter was from Betty Marie Cooke and the grin was from the letter.

"Love's young dream," Dora teased.

The reporter blushed. He's a nice sort of

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THE AFFAIRS OF LADY HAMILTON

(Hodkinson Film)

Written from "Life and Loves of Lady Hamilton" and "Lord Nelson's Last Love."

Directed by RICHARD OSWALD

Adapted from the Photoplay by

FRANCES SMITH DEAN

THE PLAYERS:

Lady Hamilton	*Liane Haid*
Horatio Nelson	*Conrad Veidt*
George Romney	*Theodor Loos*
Sir William Hamilton	*Werner Kraus*
Queen Maria Caroline	*Elsie Heims*
Charles Francis Greville	*Anton Pointner*

(Editor's Note: "The Affairs of Lady Hamilton" is more than the novelization of a popular photoplay. It is an accurate and extensive study of the loves and intrigues of one of the fascinating figures of history, the heart story of the woman George Romney described as "the loveliest siren of modern times, the most perfect beauty England has produced." Interwoven with the chapters of her life are engrossing movements of State, intimate glimpses of great minds that helped in the molding of an empire. Frances Smith Dean has delved deep into the records to add to the entertaining qualities of the story a wealth of historical detail that gives it distinct informative value.)

Romney deftly transferred the girlish vision to his sketchbook.

BEAUTY is a gift that the gods have ever loved to bestow most lavishly upon those of humble station. Many a mother of high degree has looked with rankling envy upon the cherubic countenance of her servant's offspring cavilling at the blind decree of Fate that has equipped her own progeny with puny bodies and ill-favored countenances. And given beauty, the way of life, especially for a woman, is beset with adventure and danger. So it was with that historic figure of a century and more ago, born to the obscurity of plain British peasant stock, yet rising, through her loveliness, spiritedness and alas! her unscrupulousness, to a position envied by many daughters of England's noble families.

"Given courage," some one has declared, "there are no heights to which we cannot aspire."

From her earliest childhood Emma Lyon had been blessed with the high spirits and robust courage that were partly a native gift and partly the inheritance from her dead father, one of the most doughty blacksmiths in the parish of Great Neston, near the storied River Dee. His death occurred when the only child of his marriage to Mary Kidd was but an infant. Upon his death his widow, with baby Emma, returned to her native county, Flintshire, where she managed to maintain herself and her child in

the picturesque little village of Hawarden.

Life at best is flagrantly unjust to women. And the lot of a penniless widow, encumbered with a girl child, is especially dreary. So Mary Kidd found it to be. That Emma grew in physical loveliness and sprightliness of charm as she neared adolescence served only to increase the mother's anxiety. Well she knew the pitfalls that awaited a beautiful, undefended girl of lowly station.

Moreover, in spite of her tender years, it was necessary for Emma to help eke out their meagre existence. She was just budding into her teens when Mrs. Kidd found her a situation with a green grocer of Hawarden.

"And remember, miss," she cautioned her high-spirited daughter, "you'll have to keep a civil tongue in your head and your mind on your work. There will be no time for day-dreaming."

Emma raised her violet-blue eyes to her mother's frowning face.

"Oh, mother!" she pleaded. "If I must work, why not let me go to London? It's there that people go to make their fortunes. It's there that a body can see life."

"That will do, foolish girl!" scolded her mother. "You do be making a laughing-stock of us with your wild notions. London is not for the likes of us!"

Emma said no more. After such a rebuff to confide to her mother the stupendous event that had come into her life the day before was out of the question, and the young girl sulkily began piling up the cabbages and fragrant fruits that were her new master's chief stock in trade.

It was at that moment that Jane Halling, pampered idol of the fashionable finishing school adjoining the market-place, strolled past, out for an airing with a member of the school faculty. Haughty and contemptuous, the spoiled beauty surveyed the younger girl behind the market stall from head to foot. She noted the exquisite coloring, the masses of auburn hair, the sensitive, dilating nostrils. But instead of being softened by the loveliness and grace of Emma Lyon, Jane Halling felt that it was an affront that one so far beneath her should rival her own good looks.

"Let that lazy Emma carry the turkey!" she prompted as the teacher selected one of the strutting fowls. To herself she thought: "That will put her in her proper place—carrying that struggling, heavy turkey through the public streets."

The two girls glared at each other, Emma's hostility matching Jane's arrogance.

"Yes, Emma, you deliver this turkey," ordered her new employer, and beneath the jeering glances of Jane Halling, Emma, her cheeks afire with anger, gathered the big squawking turkey into her arms as best she could.

"Here!" Jane Halling tossed a coin to the ground at Emma's feet. "Buy yourself a coach-and-four with this, my fine lady!"

Small wonder that the poor, baited market-maid, as she toiled toward the courtyard of the school with her squirming burden, sought balm for her wounded pride in the recollection of that momentous happening of the day before.

With two of the children of the village she had gone to the nearby sea and there, secure from observation, had divested herself of her outer garments and, clad only in her shift, plunged into the sun-kissed waves. As she emerged from her swim to perch for a moment upon a rock at the edge of the beach she was startled by an exclamation of delight just behind her. Turning in a panic, she saw an artist's easel set up on the adjacent shore, the artist himself lost in rapturous contemplation of herself, while a fashionably gowned woman beside him looked on with mingled admiration and amusement. With one mad plunge Emma vanished from their view. She did not reappear until she had donned her usual habiliments.

"You've frightened away your sea nymph!" she overheard the handsome woman remark as she scrambled along the path toward home. "See, she's put on more prosaic clothes."

Romney deftly transferred the girlish vision to his sketchbook. Emma Lyon was a picture to delight any artist. Then, as she paused shyly, the lady called to her.

"You should feel immensely flattered, my dear," she laughed. "Your lovely face has excited the admiration of this gentleman, who is no less an artist than the world-renowned George Romney."

Emma regarded the gentleman with interest. He returned the compliment.

"I hope to see you some day in London, my dear," he said gallantly.

Emma Lyon was a picture to delight any artist.

"I am Lady Arabella Kelly," his companion introduced herself. "Permit me to tell you that I have never seen such perfect beauty as yours. It would make your fortune in London."

Although too untutored to realize that Romney was one of the greatest geniuses of his time, Emma Lyon was no stranger to the rumors that centered about the name of the notorious Lady Arabella. Once a County Kerry milkmaid, she was now one of the toasts of the empire, her beauty and *verve* having brought to her feet some of the most blue-blooded aristocrats of the realm.

"You should follow my example, you pretty child," Lady Arabella advised. "Come to London and you'll have half the world at your feet."

And after such unbelievable good fortune as this to have to endure the insults of a young snob not half so comely as herself was more than Emma's proud nature could bear. Her great decision was arrived at simultaneously with the delivery of the belligerent turkey. She would go to London.

"It isn't as if I couldn't get as good a situation there as this poor apology of a place I hold here," she told her mother scornfully. "It would be impossible to fare worse. Who knows what great things await me in that great, wonderful city?"

Mrs. Kidd argued in vain. Emma was bent upon leaving Hawarden. At last she gave her consent, fearful that otherwise her daughter would go without it, and a few days later Emma Lyon, light of purse but rich in ambition and such beauty as even populous London turned twice to gaze upon, arrived at her journey's end.

To her great joy she discovered that her foster-brother Tom, a sailor lad, had arrived in port since she left Hawarden, and it was not long before the two were in each other's arms. Tom's ignorance of the snares of a great city was almost equal to Emma's. As they wandered gaily through the famous streets neither had any suspicion that any evil might befall a lusty young seaman and a beautiful maiden in so rich and densely populated a metropolis. Their search of cheap and suitable lodgings was a revelation. By gradual steps they passed from the respectable quarter of the city to the noisome slums where lodgings in in keeping with their means seemed to be more likely.

"My eye!" quoth a bloated-faced naval officer, who, with his boatswain "Tug," was strolling, for reasons best known to himself, through one of the most unsavory streets bordering upon the waterfront. The exclamation was elicited by the sight of Emma's fresh face and trim ankles as she hurried along beside her brother eagerly scanning the houses for the sign denoting a vacancy.

"Tug," he bawled, "keep an eye on that there gal! Report to me where she strikes anchor. She seems to be heading for Dame Higgins's lodging-house. If she is, we've got plain sailing." He nudged the half-tipsy Tug in the ribs with a wicked leer.

"You're right, captain!" chuckled Tug. "They two 'ave gone straight to Dame Higgins's."

Meantime Dame Higgins, whose hypocritical face instantly recognized the two as country bumpkins, was showing Emma and Tom to the attic lodgings which she assured them were "Just the place for the young lady, my dear. So genteel and handy."

"I expect to be shipping to sea again in a few days," Tom explained respectfully, "and I want my sister to have a snug, safe, homelike place till I return."

"Quite so, dear lad!" cackled the landlady. "And so you would, naturally."

She ushered them into a low-ceilinged, unkempt attic, the window bleary with dust and cobwebs, the hearth unswept and mantel littered with greasy candle-sticks and pewter mugs much the worse for wear.

Emma shuddered at the sight of the dirt and dinginess, but, remembering how shrunken was their "sinking fund," put on a cheerful face and whispered to her downcast brother:

"This is certainly as good as we can expect for the money. You had better take it for me."

Somewhat dubiously Tom adopted the suggestion, paid over the deposit required and, with a hasty farewell to Emma, left the house. There was much that he must attend to before he sought another berth and he must not tarry now that his sister had found safe lodgings.

Captain Hart, his eyes glued to Dame Higgins's door, noted with satisfaction the departure of the young man and a few moments later entered the house. The landlady, finger on her lips, cocked her eyes aloft significantly as the captain clumsily began the ascent of the stairs. As he reached the place where she was standing she prodded his portly side with her elbow and grinned. The captain acknowledged the salutation by closing one eye slowly, then pausing outside Emma's door only long enough to leer furtively at Dame Higgins, doffed his hat and unceremoniously entered. Emma looked up in dismay.

"I am an officer of the City of London," announced the captain. "I have been appointed to see that only proper persons take up their residence in this city."

He chucked Emma familiarly under the chin. A suppressed chuckle came from the hall where the landlady was peering through the keyhole. Outside the house the faithful Tug patroled patiently.

Emma's temper rose at the stranger's rudeness. "Take that!" she cried, slapping him vigorously across his cheek.

"You little vixen!" roared the captain, seizing her in his arms. "But I'll tame you! I like to tame your kind!"

"Help! Help!" shrieked Emma, struggling with might and main to escape his brawny arms and the rain of kisses that he tried to implant upon her lips.

Tom, returning for a forgotten message, caught the cry and, brushing aside the scowling Tug, went bounding up the stairs two steps at a time. The landlady fled precipitately from her listening-post as he broke open the door.

"You cur!" Tom glared into Captain Hart's jeering face. "You're a disgrace to the uniform you wear! Get out of my sister's room and never dare show your face here again!"

As a sailor Tom had been too thor-

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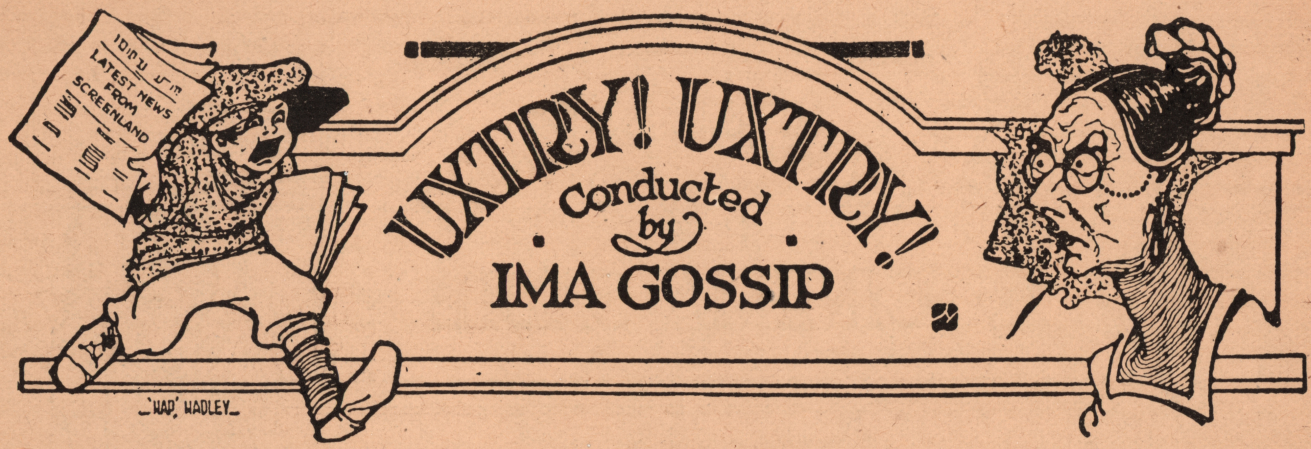


AND NOW HERE'S

ANOTHER lovely screen star who has yielded to spring, roses, romance and that sort of thing. On May 22 the "American beauty," Miss Katherine MacDonald, became the bride of Charles Schoen Johnson, at the home of Mr. Johnson's stepfather, Dr. R. Johnson Held, in Atlantic City. Miss MacDonald met Mr. Johnson about seven years ago. The bridegroom, who is the grandson of Charles T. Schoen, inventor of the pressed steel railroad car, and leader in other successful enterprises, is president of the Rose Valley Company, Inc., a music-roll manufacturing concern. His home is at Cynwyd near Philadelphia, while Miss MacDonald is from Pittsburgh. Happy days!

HIS SPARE TIME

WALLACE WORSLEY, directing "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" at Universal City, has figured that he has lost 294 hours of sleep making the picture, or an average of over two hours nightly since he started shooting Jan. 4, 147 days ago. If he could make up this loss at one stretch, he would snooze for twelve and a quarter days. If he had lost the sleep at one fell stroke, he would have died, because no man can live beyond a few days without sleep.

Worsley, one of the busiest men in motion pictures to-day, is directing Universal's greatest and most costly film. He is at work early in the morning and far into the night. After his directorial duties are over he talks script with Perley Poore Sheehan; then with Lon Chaney he talks action, and later he views the costumes, sets and daily films. Finally he confers with executives and then goes home and straight to bed.

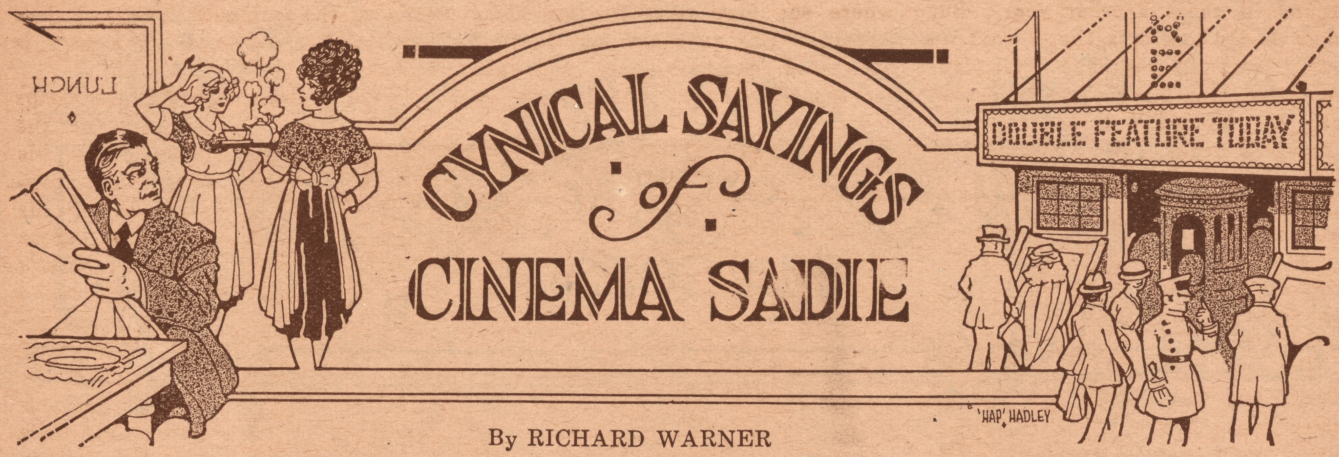
It is rarely that he enjoys dinner with his family. He always "grabs a bite" with his crew at the film city café.

Normally Worsley sleeps six and a half hours, but on this picture he has been losing two hours a night, and on evenings when shooting big scenes with 1,000 to 2,500 people he gets no rest at all. When the rush is over he makes up the loss by "sleeping the clock around."

The Sunday after a big night's shooting he went home and slept straight through for 24 hours, being "at ease" from early Sunday morning until nearly Monday noon.

Katherine MacDonald

"Within the Law," that gripping story that is Norma Talmadge's latest success, is fictionized in next week's issue by Virginia Brunswick Smith.



CYNICAL SAYINGS OF CINEMA SADIE

By RICHARD WARNER

"NO, sir, fishcakes is not a dessert. It's what's left of a poor fish that got all mixed up with a lot of mashed potatoes——

"Say, Tilly, yer'd better go to the assistance of that nervous gent over there. He's just dropped his toupee in a bowl of soup. Give him another order and tell him we'll send his hair out to the cleaner's. It'll be waitin' fer him termorrer all nicely washed and ironed——

"Oh, hello, Mamie. Jim took me to see 'Adam's Ribs' last night. What are yer laughin' at? It was a swell picture. Yer know he's the guy that brought all the trouble into the world. If it wasn't fer him there wouldn't be any waitresses in this beanery right now. That's where we all come from—one of his spare ribs. And the picture brings out the idea that flappers ain't changed much since the beginnin' of the world—that they's just the same dumbbells now as they was then.

"Yer see we female women has been cursed just because a prune-eyed Jane couldn't control her appetite and bit her initials in a nice juicy pippin she hadn't ought ter. I'll tell yer about it.

"It was fer her mother's and father's happiness she risked her own."

"The story starts out in Chicago. Yer know the big windy burg—where all the hams come from. No, Mamie, I don't mean actors. What I has reference to is pigs. Well, out in that big Western city is a breezy Irishman whose mother give him the name of Michael Ransom. We'll call him 'Mike' fer short. Now this Mike guy is an easy-goin' sort of a wampus and his only interest in life is makin' coin. It's oozin' out of all his pockets. He ain't makin' it fer himself, but fer his wife and daughter, so they can have a big time blowin' it. When the picture busts open he's been tied to his ball and chain for nineteen long weary years.

"That's some tough sentence fer a married man to serve nowadays. It's the day of his anniversary and he's fergotten all about them fatal woids he said so many years ago till he's reminded of 'em by lookin' at some writin' on his wife's tintype, which says:

" 'Don't fergit, dearie, we was hitched nineteen years ago to-day.'

"Well, the first thing he does is to get the old dough book and try to square hisself by writin' out a check fer a thousand bucks. Then he grabs his hat and beats it fer home. Of course he expected his lovin' wife to meet him at the gate with a kiss and a hug. Then he'd pull out the sure-fire piece of paper he held in his mitt with the golden word 'one thousand' writ all over it and give it to her. She'd fall on his manly bosom and everythin' would be hunky dory till the next sad remembrance would float

around in about another year. But what we don't expects, that's what we gets. Wait till yer hear what happened ter poor Mike when he busted into his home without knockin'. Well, I won't keep yer in suspenders long, I'll come right out with it and tell yer the worst part of it.

"He sees the woman he's been givin' board and lodgin' to and buyin' Easter hats fer nineteen long years in the arms of a wild-eyed foreign lookin' gent doin' a regular lovin' wrestlin' match, catch - as - catch-can. Oh, Mamie, my heart bled fer the poor man. It was an awful sight fer an honest-ter-Gawd husband ter look at without cryin' out loud.

"The first thing Mike did was ter take the 1,000 bucks which was ter be the wife's lovin' weddin' present and tear it into smithereens. It came down out of his hand in little pieces like a snowfall.

"Kinks was made fer thrones, but wives was made fer husbands."

"Mike's Irish is up by this time and he grabs his wife's playmate by the throat and asts him kind of playful like what name he'd prefer ter have writ in the obituary columns of the daily scandal sheets if anythin' was ter happen to him sudden like. The would-be lover tells Mike his moniker is 'Jeromir,' which means nothin' at all as far as Mike's concerned. Then he turns his attention to his wife, givin' her the glassy stare. He tries ter third degree her and find out where she met up with this home wrecker. She says she met Jeromir at a swell chowder party, and save fer the little kissin' and huggin' he give her, he was a perfect stranger ter her. Mike's startin' ter lose his nanny by this time and it's beginnin' ter look not so good fer the wild-eyed foreign bimbo.

"As yer know, in all these swell picture families they always have a butler, and this one's no exception ter the rule.

"He's a nice old gent and he comes strollin' along into the garden of Eden where Marion (that's the handle Mike's wife goes by—I fergot ter mention it before) has just bittin' into some of the forbidden fruit and she's awaitin' her sentence. The jury is still out.

"Well, when our butlin' friend lamps Jeromir fer the first time his eyes begin poppin' out of his head and before yer know what's happenin' he's doin' a Brody before the guy and kissin' his mitts. At first yer think the poor old boy's gone dippy or has found his long-lost son or somethin', but it ain't long before they start salutin' each other. Then the idea flashes into yer dome that that young bozo who's been tryin' ter swipe Mike's better half might be the Count of Monte Cristo or somethin' else in disguise, and sure enough the old gazabo begins yellin' 'My Kink, My Kink!' Yer see, there's so many kinks floatin' around nowadays without jobs that they's even been 'hobo-in'' out ter Chicago.

"Say, Mamie, yer better tell that nervous customer that the wheatcake that he's been lookin' fer that's fell off his plate has just been located by the near-sighted gent in the next seat ter him, who's been sittin' on it. Don't keep arguin' with him, Mamie; give the gentleman another pancake. He's barkin' just like a sea-lion. If that don't quiet him we'll throw him a fish——

"Now, where was I before the wheatcake got squashed?

(*Continued on Page* 28)

DEAR "JUST AMONG OURSELVES":

Just saw "Within the Law" and could not resist writing to some one about a certain some one in the picture. Lew Cody, who played the crook with Norma Talmadge, came to Cleveland about one year ago and appeared in person at the Allen Theatre. I had seen him many times in pictures and always admired him as one of the best looking and best dressed men on the screen, so I decided to see him. Of course, I expected to be disappointed, but much to my surprise I found him to be a regular fellow and a screen actor that really could do something on the stage.

During his talk here he said he was returning to the screen, but in the future was to play more virile rôles than he had in the past. He spoke of being misunderstood in the old rôles and gave that as the reason for his tour. Of course I thought that he was just talking about changing and so when his first picture came I went to see it. He had made a great impression here, and it seems every one was anxious to see him on the screen. Well, he certainly did keep his word. In the picture he was the hero, a sergeant of the Royal Mounted Police, and he played the part even better than the dress-suit rôles. I must admit I admired him just as much as before and then a little later I saw him as the Prince in the "Secrets of Paris" minus the dress clothes, and again he hit the mark. Last night as the great crook in plain clothes he certainly made a hit. Here is one actor who certainly keeps his word. When he appeared in person it was then for the first time that I realized that they must do more than stand around and look well to make a success in pictures.

In his former plays one really forgot about acting and only admired the good-looking man who knew how to make love and look the part of a gentleman, so when he came to the city I went to see what clothes he would wear and imagine my surprise when he appeared in a plain blue suit and a soft white shirt, but when he started to talk I forgot the clothes as I did in the picture last evening.

I guess we have a great deal to learn about our favorites of the screen. I have learned one thing—that it takes more than good looking clothes to make a screen actor, also that they are sincere and truthful to the so-called fan. Therefore the interest and this letter to MOVING PICTURE STORIES.

When are you going to run the story of "Within the Law"? Best wishes.

MILDRED K. J.

[Enjoyed your letter very much, Mildred. I am sure Mr. Cody will be highly pleased at your words of praise. Remember, he came to the screen with a wealth of dramatic training to fit him for any rôle he was called upon to play; in other words, he was a "graduate actor" before he entered pictures. Yes, indeed, it takes much more than good-looking clothes and more than beauty, too, to become a success in any walk of life—that is, a lasting success. "Within the Law" starts in our next issue. It was necessary to run it in two parts in order not to lose any of the interesting points of the story.]

Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAR "JUST AMONG OURSELVES":

Do you know who my favorite is? No, of course not. Well, it's Pola Negri. Although I do not think she is very pretty the rôles she portrays fascinate me. Villains always appealed to me ever since I was a kid.

I have just seen one of Miss Negri's earliest pictures, "The Polish Dancer." In it there are some happenings of her own life. I am offering a suggestion. I know that many of the readers of this little magazine are wondering what the stars do off screen. As there is a rumor that Pola Negri has written her life story it would not be hard to obtain it, and I know that more than myself would be interested in the life story of this fascinating foreigner.

I take my hat off to Pola in "Bella Donna." I think it was splendid work although my friend said it was punk. Here's hoping that her next picture is just as good, and you will follow my suggestion, I remain,

FRANK CLAYMORE.

P. S.—You notice I have the same name as Richard Dix in "Souls For Sale." It certainly was a surprise.

F. C.

[Your suggestion is fine, Frank C. There is only one thing that could be finer, and that is if you could suggest a way of obtaining the story of Miss Negri's life without resorting to burglary. You see, there are author's rights, publisher's rights, and so many other rights that by the time it comes down to poor us it's all wrong. You know we had quite a comprehensive résumé of Pola's brief existence in the issue of March 9th. Did you miss it? Hope not. So villains appeal to you, do they? It can't be that you're a villain yourself. Say ye not so. In this one matter I'm sorry I can't be in perfect accord with you. I may admire their art, but I'm not wild about living in the same place with them. Yes, the coincidence in the names is funny. Too bad you can't collect some of the profits of "Souls For Sale." As Cinema Sadie says, "Believe me, Mamie, some guys is goin' ter shovel in a bag of kale from that film." Let us hear from you again.]

NONE SO BLIND

(Arrow Film)

Story by LESTER MORGAN *Scenario by KATHLEEN KERRIGAN*

Directed by BURTON KING

Adapted from the Photoplay by

VIRGINIA BRUNSWICK SMITH

THE PLAYERS:

Aaron Abrams.....*Dore Davidson* *Roger Mortimer*.....*Maurice Costello*
Rachel Abrams Mortimer.....*Zena Keefe* *Russell Mortimer*
Ruth.....*Hazel Mortimer*.....*Gene Burnell*

TWO kinds of pride there are in the human heart, each a mighty force in the affairs of men since civilization came into existence—one the pride of place, which leads the rich man and the aristocrat to draw sharp lines of cleavage between his particular social set and those outside it; the other the pride of race, leading all the members of one to look with prejudice and sometimes with passion upon those born of another. And perhaps no race, since the beginning of time, has been in this last respect so proudly aloof, so set apart by its own strictly adhered-to social edicts and religious customs as the Hebrew. The pride of the Jew is so bound up in his religious and family life that to affront the one is to involve the other.

That is why gentle, kindly old Aaron Abrams, though but a humble pawnbroker in New York's Ghetto, became a power to be reckoned with, a man of indomitable purpose and implacable vengeance when the race prejudice of Roger Mortimer, a wealthy Gentile, brought the two into conflict.

No one but Saul Cohen, Aaron's lifelong friend and neighbor, knew how dear to Aaron was his only daughter, motherless young Rachel, with her soft, fawn-like eyes and gentle heart.

When Rachel yielded to the tempestuous wooing of Roger Mortimer's handsome young son and became his wife, only Saul understood why the old pawnbroker did not disown the daughter who had married outside her faith.

"Rachel is my heart's blood," Aaron said simply. "So long as she is happy with her rich Gentile husband it is all right by me."

But poor Rachel's happiness was short-lived. Roger Mortimer had not the unselfish devotion toward his son Russell that the Jewish father felt towards his child and was furious that this marriage had spoiled the plans he had made for his only heir.

"If money can buy off this Jewish wife," he cried, "I'll separate them at any cost. Russell must not be handicapped by a wife of humble station."

So in less than a month after Rachel's wedding day Mortimer, senior, appeared before her one day as she worked happily and alone in the pretty little love nest and announced that he had annulled the marriage and that she must return at once to her father.

Too unsophisticated to know that there could be any appeal from such an arbitrary ruling, and too broken-hearted to think of independent action, Rachel crept home to the refuge of her father's arms. She was still sobbing out the story of Mortimer's ruthlessness when that gentleman walked nonchalantly into the pawnshop.

"Of course I intend to do the right thing by your daughter," he announced grandiloquently. "Marriage to my son is out of the question, but I will provide handsomely for her, considering her station in life," and he pulled from his pocket a check for $10,000. "But she must never see my son again."

"Oh, father! He tries to buy my love for Russell!" sobbed Rachel, aghast, but her father silenced her with a look of mingled tenderness and firmness.

"Trust papa to do the right thing for his little girl," he whispered; then turning to Mortimer, he took the proffered check with an inscrutable look in his keen brown eyes. "Believe me, Mr. Mortimer, it will be a pleasure for me to pay this back some day," he announced.

In the months that followed Aaron watched with heart ever more sad and heavy the slow fading of his Rachel's life.

"Perhaps when the baby comes," Saul Cohen would try to console his friend. But when the baby girl at last was laid in the child-mother's arms, she lived only long enough to plead:

"Papa, take care of my little baby always. Call her Ruth and never forget how much she has cost me in love and heartache."

Raising his hands to Heaven, Aaron vowed that not only would he never forget his daughter's sorrows, but that some day the man responsible for her suffering should pay back tear for tear, heartache for heartache, all that he had made her suffer. Little Ruth, whose coming had cost so much, brought into Aaron's life something of the old sunny outlook he had known in the days before his daughter left him. Her talent for painting was unusual and her portraits of friends and neighbors won widespread comment. That her own father was still living and was a Gentile the child never dreamed. As she grew to maidenhood she became so like her mother in face, form and nature that every one who had known the dead Rachel commented upon it.

"But she shall not make the mistake her mother made," Aaron would tell to Saul Cohen. "My Ruth, when

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marrying time comes, shall be the wife of your Louis—eh, Saul?"

To which Saul would assent delightedly with pride and joy, but with many a shake of the head the old man would sigh that

"Louis is also such a worriment! Such an expensible boy he is!"

This "worriment" came to a climax one day when Saul, looking over his son's shoulder to see what progress he was making with the bookkeeping, read:

"My love for you has opened my eyes to many things. It is so wonderful to think I shall soon see you again!"

"Ach himmel!" cried the exasperated father. "Here I am paying you to make suits of clothes, and instead you use the time to make suits to girls! It's fine that you should be so in love with Ruth Abrams, but save your love notes till after business hours."

"Ruth Abrams!" echoed Louis in consternation. No one was farther from his thoughts than Aaron Abrams's pretty, obedient little daughter. However, he realized the futility of confessing under the circumstances who was the real object of his affections, so Saul Cohen went blissfully on abetting all Aaron's plans for a match between their offsprings.

In the sheltered, carefully guarded existence that Jewish young girls know Ruth had had no opportunity to meet any young man except under her grandfather's vigilant eye. Louis Cohen was the only personable boy she had ever known well. Until one eventful day, therefore, she had never held any other views toward matrimony than those entertained by her doting guardian.

"Rebecca," she said one afternoon to the faithful housekeeper who had served in the family since her babyhood, "I'm going uptown to get some paints. Don't tell grandfather. He thinks I should not go out of the Ghetto by myself."

Tripping along toward the fashionable shopping district, Ruth's attention was caught by a group of Salvation Army workers who were holding a street meeting. Just as she came within earshot the earnest-faced leader, a woman still young and attractive, began a prayer:

"Oh, God, destroy the hatred in the hearts of men and put love there instead. May all races learn to love one another and creeds keep us not from love which is thy word. And make us all as one family."

As Ruth's sweet, upturned face was raised toward the speaker the eyes of a young man who had also stopped to listen fell upon her. The beauty and innocence and gentleness of that face stood out like a rare flower in the midst of a garden of ordinary blooms. When a moment later, as the collection was taken, Ruth discovered that a pickpocket, taking advantage of her abstraction, had rifled her purse, it was the young man who was first to proffer her carfare home.

"Please take it," he insisted. "If you feel it is such an unusual favor, of course you can return it. Mail it to this address."

And he held out his card, on which was engraved the name, "Sheldon Sherman."

"You are most kind." Ruth shyly accepted card and coin. "My name is Ruth Abrams. My grandfather will surely thank you for this favor."

Long after Ruth's small feet had tripped out of sight Sheldon Sherman's eyes were filled with the vision of her sweet face. And long after she reached home that night Ruth Abrams's thoughts were of the fine-looking young Gentile, the first with whom she had ever held the semblance of a conversation unchaperoned, whose card lay next to her heart.

"I didn't know Gentile men were ever nice like that!" she thought naively.

The years that had brought prosperity to Aaron Abrams and Saul Cohen had brought to Russell Mortimer little of real satisfaction. The girl whom his father chose for him to marry after the ceremony to Rachel had been annulled died after bearing him one daughter, and though he had many valuable holdings and was accounted a rich man, bad management frequently left him in such financial straits that ready money was as scarce with him as with many a so-called poor man. Hazel, his motherless daughter, was his chief treasure. The fact that she had fallen in love with a Jewish lad brought more than one sad memory to Russell Mortimer's mind as he recalled the shattered romance of his own youth. Still he had not yet learned the lesson of tolerance, and when Hazel pleaded "But, father, Louis Cohen is such a splendid young man. Why is marriage to him out of the question when we both love each other so?" he would reply as his father had done long years ago:

"It must not be. I have other plans for you. Perhaps some day, when you have put this young Jew out of your mind, you'll consider my ward, Sheldon Sherman."

But whatever might be the matrimonial plans of these prejudice-blinded parents, in one respect Aaron Abrams outclassed them all. He did not stop with the project for uniting his daughter with Louis Cohen. His keen brain and relentless will were concentrated with ever-increasing avidity upon keeping the vow he had made almost twenty years ago at his daughter's deathbed.

For many years now he had led a double life, not in the generally accepted sense of maintaining two standards of morals, but in a financial way. Though to his neighbors

of the Ghetto he was still the kindly, generous, open-hearted Aaron Abrams of old, ever ready to contribute lavishly to the needy and unfortunate among that class to which the Mortimers belonged, he was known as Isaac Goldsmith, "the Shylock of Wall Street," and one of New York's financial powers. By means of a craftily designed system of espionage "Isaac Goldsmith" had contrived to know every move of his hated victim, Russell Mortimer, whom he still held to be the cause of Rachel's death, and his frequent need of ready funds.

Nothing seemed hidden from the old usurer's knowledge. When Sheldon Sherman, driven desperate by the debts he had contracted before his swiftly kindled love for an unknown Jewish girl had led him to a more sensible manner of living, came to Goldsmith's office to borrow money the keen brown eyes narrowed cunningly. This was one of the chances he had been looking forward to so long. He intended to use this ward of Russell Mortimer in his scheme for wreaking vengeance upon his former son-in-law.

"No, young man," he replied peremptorily when he had heard Sheldon's story, "I can't lend you any more money on that note. But if you want to work out what you owe me I'll give you a place in my office as confidential secretary."

Sheldon grimaced, for this slave-driver was not at all to his liking.

"You hesitate. Perhaps then you could get the money from Mr. Mortimer," his would-be employer suggested.

"What!" Sheldon exclaimed. "He's the last man on earth I'd go to or want to know that I was in debt. No, Mr. Goldsmith, I'll accept your proposition. I'll be here to-morrow morning."

That night, at the very hour when "Isaac Goldsmith" in his bachelor quarters was divesting himself of the silk hat, Prince Albert and striped trousers that belonged to his rôle and donning the soft hat, sack coat and other familiar habiliments of his true character, Louis Cohen was seeking counsel of a buddy whose friendship had begun when both were in service "Over There."

"Oh, Sheldon, I never was in quite such a sea of gloom as I am now," he began. But his friend held up an eloquent hand.

"Don't come to me with hard-luck tales! I'm so in Dutch myself, so deeply in debt, that I've had to go to work for a Jew money lender to keep out of jail."

"And you call that trouble?" Louis's voice was sarcastic. "That's nothing. Suppose you were madly in love with one girl, but had to marry another?"

"That is tough, old chap!" Sheldon's thoughts flew back to the day when out of a Salvation Army street meeting had come to him the face that he now realized belonged to the one girl in the world for him.

That night as Sheldon finished an interview with his guardian the latter laid his hand affectionately on his arm.

"Sheldon, my boy," he said, "why don't you settle down and quit this bachelor life? Marry some nice young girl and have a home of your own." Then, with a transparency that would not have deceived a child, he pointed to the open window.

"Hazel is out in the garden. Why don't you join her?"

With a wry smile the young man did as he was bidden. Hazel greeted him so dolefully that with quick sympathy he begged her to tell an old friend what was wrong.

"Oh, Sheldon," she burst out at last, "I'm madly in love with Louis Cohen. We've been crazy about each other ever since you introduced us at that European Relief Drive. But what's the use? You know father. He'd never let me marry any one but a Gentile."

Ruefully Sheldon listened for the second time that day to some one else's recital of a case that so nearly fitted his own love affair. But he could at least offer sympathy and un-

"Oh, father! He tries to buy my love for Russell!" sobbed Rachel.

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derstanding, and this he did so effectually that when an hour later they joined Mr. Mortimer indoors, that deluded gentleman congratulated himself that the young people were fast approaching the state of affections which he desired.

It was well, he thought, that something was coming out satisfactorily for him. For financially he was in desperate straits.

"If only I could get hold of $200,000!" he groaned aloud in the privacy of his own library.

"You weesh somesing, Mr. Mortimer?" his Japanese valet inquired obsequiously, overhearing the remark.

"Nothing you can get for me, Togo," replied Mortimer wearily as he dismissed him for the night.

But the Jap was in the employ of Isaac Goldsmith and had found out just what he had been planted there to discover—his master's specific need of a specific sum, and hurried off at the first opportunity to impart the news.

"Sheldon, do you happen to know of any one who needs $200,000?" the money-lender asked a few days later as Sheldon busied himself in the outer office. "I've just made $200,000 that I can reinvest on good security."

"I think I know a man to whom it would be a veritable godsend," exclaimed Sheldon. "To-night I'll sound him out, and if I'm right he will be here to-morrow morning."

Sheldon's news seemed to Mortimer like the direct answer to prayer. Next morning he was at Goldsmith's offices almost before they were open. But at the terms laid down by the shrewd-faced old Jew his business instincts revolted.

"Yes, I can lend you $200,000," he had said, "but as security you must put up everything you own—stocks, bonds, houses, holdings of every sort."

"That's outrageous and absurd!" cried Mortimer angrily. "Why, I'm worth almost a million, only it's not in easily convertible property. Of course I won't pledge you my entire fortune."

"Of course, then, I'll not lend you the money," was the reply. "It's up to you to accept or reject my proposition."

Mortimer reflected for a moment. After all, how foolish to think he would ever be in a position to be squeezed by this old usurer. The $200,000 would so recoup his finances that in a short time he could easily repay it and be safely out of the reach of any such calamity again."

"I accept," he said briefly as he reached for the pen with which to sign the agreement.

As his victim left the office the look of gloating, triumph and of an almost holy exultation on the face of the old Jew was a study.

"At last, at last, mine enemy is delivered into my hands," he whispered.

Quite unaware of the tangled mesh into which her grandfather's vow of vengeance was leading them all, Ruth Abrams kept alive in her heart the memory of the courteous young Gentile who had lent her the carfare that eventful afternoon. His face was rapidly taking shape on the canvas which Ruth had secretly dedicated to his portrait. And now the time had come when she could no longer deny herself the joy of seeing him again. Drawing from the bosom of her blouse the card he had given her, Ruth laboriously composed a note that should sound casual and matter-of-fact.

"I will call on you to-morrow about 5 o'clock to return the carfare you so kindly lent me."

The agitation it had produced in her gentle breast as she wrote it was as nothing to that which Sheldon Sherman felt when he read it. He watched the clock all day as he perfunctorily performed his duties as confidential secretary to Isaac Goldsmith and when closing time came fairly flew home to meet his little guest.

"You see" — Ruth shyly explained why she had had to come in person to return the carfare — "I'm an artist, and I couldn't go on with the picture I am painting of you until I had seen your features once more. But you cannot come to see me because we are Jewish and grandfather does not permit me to associate with Gentiles."

"Surely your grandfather must be mistaken," exclaimed Sheldon, Ruth's innocence and beauty wresting from his lips the secret he had meant to keep.

"Why should he presume to draw the line when God and love do not?"

The glory of their love knew no narrow definitions of race or creed, and in the weeks that followed Ruth forgot all her grandfather's warnings against associating with Gentiles, while Sheldon daily grew more determined to overcome somehow the obstacles to their union.

Hazel Mortimer had reached the same resolution, as again and again she met Louis Cohen at their secret rendezvous, fast becoming public property. "I don't care who knows how I love you," she cried daringly as Louis looked adoringly into her eyes. "The thought of your approaching marriage to another drives me desperate."

Louis Cohen's thoughtful face clouded. He was too faithful to the teachings of his religion and too dutiful a son to dream of thwarting his father's life-long wishes, but as the day of his marriage to Ruth Abrams drew nearer the lad's heart seemed to die within him.

"Is she nice, this girl your father is making you marry?" asked Hazel with feminine curiosity.

"Very nice!" was the apathetic reply. "Only I don't love her!"

"How I would like to see her just once!" sighed Hazel.

What would she have said had she known that the sweet-faced young Jewess who presided over the little reading-room in the Ghetto to which Hazel frequently went in her quest for old books was the girl her lover must wed? Yet this was the case, and when, a few days later, Hazel ran into the East Side library, which was one of Aaron's pet charities, she little suspected that this girl to whom she had been so strangely drawn was not only her rival, but her own half-sister.

"I'm going to leave you my card," she told Ruth. "Then if that old edition I'm so anxious to get comes in, you can send it to me."

Aaron happened into the shop just in time to catch the look of mutual admiration the two young girls exchanged. He stood frowning and si-

lent while Hazel passed out, then approaching Ruth with the look she knew so well, he said gently but inexorably:

"Ruthie, I do not like your meeting these Gentiles on such friendly terms. Hereafter you are not to come to the bookshop. Stay at home and play with your paints."

"Oh, there is no hope of his ever changing!" Ruth sobbed out her despair soon afterward to Sheldon. "This must be my last visit. Grandfather will never relent. I must go on with my life as he has planned it and marry to please him. Good-by, dear, dear Sheldon. We must never meet again!"

But Sheldon Sherman's was a sanguine nature. Somehow he believed it would all come out right at last. So deep-seated was his optimism that when that night Louis Cohen visited his bachelor apartment he cried gaily as he filled two glasses: "Here's to your marriage, Louis. May it be long and happy!"

"I can never drink to that toast!" responded the Jewish lad sadly. "My approaching marriage cannot but bring sorrow to at least three young hearts."

"Don't submit so tamely to the will of another!" challenged the Gentile. "Follow my example. As soon as I've squared my debts to old Goldsmith I'm going to marry Ruth Abrams!"

"Ruth Abrams!" Louis cried wildly. "Why didn't you tell me the girl you love is Ruth Abrams?"

"What difference does it make to you what her name is?" asked the bewildered Sheldon.

"Because Ruth Abrams is the girl I've got to marry, God help her!" groaned Louis miserably.

But instead of yielding to the demon of despair which had gripped Louis, Sheldon cried out exultantly:

"Then in Heaven's name, old fellow, cheer up! Everything will come out right for all of us. It must be so, or God would never have let things go so far!"

Meantime the date of maturity for the loan of the $200,000 which Goldsmith had made to Russell Mortimer had come and the latter had no hope of raising that amount of cash. In

His face was rapidly taking shape on the canvas which Ruth had secretly dedicated to his portrait.

fear and trepidation he sought out "Isaac Goldsmith."

"Surely," he pleaded, "you will not be so miserly, so inhuman as not to renew this note. You know you could not have better security. While if you press me for payment, I shall be forced into bankruptcy—ruined!"

The Jew arose, a look on his face that baffled description.

"And that is just what I have intended from the beginning!" he cried. "I mean you shall be bankrupt—ruined, utterly and hopelessy ruined."

"But why?" Russell Mortimer asked, with shaking lips. "What have I ever done to you, Isaac Goldsmith, that you should hate me so implacably?"

"Think back and tell me if the name of Abrams—Rachel Abrams—means anything to you!"

"Rachel Abrams!" Mortimer collapsed weakly into the chair. "My first and only true love. Ah, how I have suffered through my weakness in yielding to my father's wishes. But what do you know of my lost Rachel?"

"I am Aaron Abrams, her father. I know that it was you who broke her heart and caused her death because when her baby came she had no courage to live."

"A baby? Then Rachel left me a daughter?" Mortimer's eyes were pitiful. But Aaron went on inexorably.

"To you she left nothing! To me she left Baby Ruth and the $10,000 your father used to buy your freedom. That money I invested in this business which has given me the power to bring you to my feet. And now, go—I spurn you as you once spurned my daughter, and to your pleadings I turn the same deaf ears you once turned to hers."

The marriage day of Louis Cohen and Ruth Abrams had arrived. The house was gay with decorations and all hearts save two were festive and rejoicing. Louis and Ruth felt that

the knell of hope and happiness was sounding for each. In her wedding gown, the veil already upon her graceful head, Ruth slipped away from it all and sank down on her knees in her own room before the portrait she had painted of Sheldon Sherman.

"Oh, my darling," she sobbed aloud, "they are making me live a lie. No one else can ever win my love, no matter whose wife I may be under the law. My heart will be always yours, Sheldon—always, always!"

Suddenly the voice of her grandfather, almost unrecognizable in its grief and fury, smote upon her startled ears. From the doorway he had seen and heard all. Now striding toward her he snatched the wedding veil from her head, trampling it under-foot. From a table he caught up a knife and savagely slashed the portrait of Sheldon Sherman from brow to chin.

"All these years I have loved you, worked for you, slaved for you, made you the apple of my eye. And through everything you have been deceiving me. Secretly meeting a Gentile lover."

"Oh, grandfather — listen — have pity! You do not understand. Did you never love?" pleaded Ruth, terrified and shaken. But her grandfather was beside himself. Dragging her downstairs to the assembled guests, he publicly held up her deception to their scorn and called them to witness that he cast her out of his heart, out of his life, out of his home, ending by hurling her violently to the floor.

It was Louis who tenderly bent over the stricken girl and helped her to rise. Then, as she fled wildly from the room and out into the torrential rain that was falling, Louis Cohen turned to his father.

"Father, a terrible wrong has been prevented. I, too, like Ruth, am in love with another. My heart belongs to a Gentile. Ruth and I could never have been happy in so sacrilegious a union, each loving some one else."

In the confusion and babel that followed Louis also made his escape, wondering if poor Ruth, freed so tragically from her false position, would seek Sheldon Sherman.

But Ruth, obeying some impulse she could not analyze, had gone straight to the address written on Hazel Mortimer's card and it was her own father who received her half-fainting form into his arms. Though not until Hazel exclaimed in astonishment, when she recognized the pathetic little figure, "Why, father, what is Ruth Abrams doing here?" did Russell Mortimer realize that here in his own home he was sheltering that "baby Ruth" of whose existence he had learned only a few short days ago from her vengeful grandfather.

Ruth's happiness in knowing that now there were no barriers in the way of her marriage to Sheldon Sherman was alloyed by the estrangement from her beloved grandfather; while for Aaron the joy of his life had gone out with the renunciation and disinheritance of the child of his dead Rachel. Even the light of reason gradually grew dim as he went sadly about his empty house, striving still to do his duty by his charities and neighbors.

At last the faithful old Rebecca could stand it no longer.

"I'm going to go and bring back Miss Ruth," she declared, and letting no one into her secret but the sympathetic Saul Cohen, she carried Ruth the news of her grandfather's sad plight.

"If only you could see him, so pitiful and helpless without you. If just once you would put your arms around his neck in the old way!" she wept.

Ruth needed no urging. She returned with Rebecca to her old home, and when Aaron Abrams felt the soft arms around his neck and looked into the dear eyes, all Rebecca's prophesies came true. Once more he was his old, keen-brained, sunny-natured self.

Furthermore, realizing that Ruth's happiness and that of the son of his lifelong friend depended upon his forgiveness and the sinking of his pride and prejudice, at last the iron will relented.

"If you can be happy only in marrying outside of your faith," he consented, "I will say, as I once said long ago of your dear mother, 'It will be all right by me.' "

"And you will forgive my father?" the soft lips pleaded. "Remember that he, too, has suffered all these years. Remember also what the Talmud says about vengeance belonging to the Lord. It is not for us to punish our fellowmen."

Ruth's pleadings prevailed. Aaron forgave his ancient enemy with the lavish generosity of his race, remitting every debt Russell Mortimer owed him. And in the plans for the double wedding of the half-sisters every remaining trace of prejudice between the Jew and Gentile vanished forever.

SHE WAS NEVER ENGAGED TO CHARLIE

(*Continued from page* 5)

"Horse? I ride in a Fiat. I'm taking an intensive course in speeding so I can get arrested like Bebe Daniels and Gladys Walton."

We adroitly shifted the subject to books.

"What do you think of psychoanalysis?" we asked. "Is Freud your favorite author?"

Ethel eyed us with suspicion. "Of course it may all be a coincidence," she replied, "but those are the very words I overheard an interviewer using yesterday to Gaston Glass. As Frank Tinney says, 'Don't say I told you, but the stars working here don't read Freud at all. They think Donald Ogden Stewart's 'Perfect Behaviour' the book of the year."

No self-respecting interviewer can fail to unearth for the benefit of her readers what pleasures the star pursues in her leisure time. Ethel again played true to form.

"Oh, I go to the movies and study the technique of others in order to improve my own work."

Noticing that Gasnier had arrived on the set, we prepared to release Miss Shannon.

"I think I've got enough for a story now," we said, "but wouldn't you like to make some statement about what you think the artistic possibilities of the screen are?"

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot about that," she laughed. "To coin a phrase, 'The movies are only in their infancy.' "

THE RIP TIDE

(Arrow Film)

Novel by J. GRUBB ALEXANDER *Scenario by J. GRUBB ALEXANDER*

Directed by JACK PRATT

Adapted from the Photoplay by

A. F. HILL

THE PLAYERS:

The Maharajah of Darwali.....*Russell Simpson*
Prince Tagor.....*J. Frank Glendon*
Princess Indora.....*Diana Alden*
Count Boris Voronsky.....*Stuart Holmes*

WHAT a strange creature is man! Made in the image and likeness of God, possessed of qualities of mind and spirit which are almost god-like; surrounded for more than twenty centuries with all the advantages of an ever-progressing civilization, having at his command thousands of books replete with the loftiest sentiments and precepts, living in the midst of countless institutions of learning, he yet permits himself to be swayed by age-old superstitions, influenced by the bigotry of religion and patriotism and governed by the baser instincts of greed, hate, selfishness and intolerance until he is caught in a veritable rip tide of debasing emotions and dragged down from the heights to which he was meant to rise to the base level of a brute.

Poor man! He creates an artificial boundary-line and calls it his "country," and soon his soul is filled with intolerance almost bordering on hate for all men who were not born within the same geographical limits. He invents almost a hundred different methods of worshipping the same God and has no patience with any who do not observe his form of worship.

Will men ever become reconciled? Will the Brotherhood of Man, of which the poet dreamed and sung, ever become a reality? The great Kipling has said that "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet," and the following story would seem to bear out the truth of his saying.

In a certain year which preceded the World War the Maharajah of Darwali was appointed by a committee of native princes representative of his country to the Court of St. James. In pursuance of his duties he went to England and established a residence in one of the delightful suburbs of London. With him in his English home were his son, the Prince Tagor, and his ward, the Princess Indora, daughter of one of his boyhood friends.

The prince attended Eaton and later went to Oxford, from which institution he graduated with honors. Meanwhile the princess received instruction at home from the best of female tutors and gradually developed into a beautiful and accomplished young woman.

While at Oxford the prince had become interested in the study of comparative religions and had not pursued his studies very far before it became apparent to his keen mind that Christianity was the only true religion. Having convinced himself of this fact, he delved more and more deeply into the study of the Bible until at last he became imbued with a deep reverence for its teachings and finally became ambitious to devote his life to preaching. Carrying this resolution into effect, he entered a theological seminary and in time was ordained an Episcopal minister.

After his ordination he returned to his father's house clad in his clerical garb, and then for the first time it was brought home to the Maharajah how great were the changes which an Occidental education had wrought in his son. Regarding him sternly, he asked coldly:

"What is the meaning of the queer costume you are wearing?"

"The meaning is that I have become an ordained minister of the Episcopal Church and that I intend to return to India shortly and preach the doctrine to the poor benighted heathens there," replied Prince Tagor.

"So, you refer to the people of India as poor benighted heathens. What then am I?" demanded the Maharajah curtly.

"You are my father," responded the prince tactfully.

A sardonic smile flittered across the Maharajah's face as his son made this displomatic reply. Then it faded quickly and in icy tones he said: "Of course, I understand that you are jesting, but I wish you to know that I do not like your jest. I want my son to wear the costume of his people and to take his place as a Prince of India. Enough of this nonsense about being a minister. Never refer to it again in my presence."

"I am afraid that that is impossible, my father. I am a free agent like yourself. My body and soul belong to myself and I intend to devote both to the service of my Master."

"Then keep out of my sight and let me hear nothing from you. I had expected that you would be the delight of my life and the staff of my old age when you grew to manhood. Instead I find that you are a disgrace to me. I want you to marry the Princess Indora and to follow the customs of our people. Until you are ready to do that never cross my path again."

"Gladly would I comply with your first command, for I love the princess dearly, but you forget that she also is a free agent and that I cannot marry her unless she is willing to marry me."

A look of startled astonishment spread over the Maharajah's face as he exclaimed: "What, has your madness progressed to the point where

With a smile on his face the old man died in his son's arms.

you are willing to believe and practise the belief that women can do aught else than obey those persons whom Buddha has placed in authority over them?"

"Yes, my father. I believe that a woman has a soul and a heart and the right to say whom she will marry just the same as a man."

"Then out of my sight! You are a traitor to your race, an apostate to the faith of your ancestors and unworthy to be called a Prince of India and I want nothing to do with you," blazed the Maharajah as he strode angrily away.

That night as the prince walked in the gardens of his father's estate with the gentle princess at his side he told her of his conversion to Christianity, of his ordination as a minister, and of his intention to go back to India and preach the true faith to his people.

Princess Indora listened in silence and her heart grew sadder and sadder. Presently they reached a particularly beautiful part of the grounds where the young moon peeped down at them between the branches of a group of stately oak trees, centuries old. The scene was so beautiful that both were speechless and could only stand hand in hand drinking in the loveliness about them. Then suddenly, as though Nature were bent on excelling herself this wonderful night, a nightingale, perched upon a low bow of a nearby tree, brought forth its song.

The two young people stood motionless until the bird had finished its song, then instinctively they turned to each other and a second later Indora was in Tagor's arms.

"I wish that I could take you with me, but that is impossible just now. When my work is well done then I shall return to claim you," said Tagor.

In the course of his studies in theology Tagor had made the acquaintance of a very good Hebrew who had devoted his life and fortune to the task of aiding the poor and unfortunate. This man, who was called by all who knew him "The Philosopher," lived in a mean street in one of the slum sections of Whitechapel, where he was beloved by all. Many times he had aided the prince with his good counsel, so the young minister decided that he would pay him a visit before he sailed for India and ask him his advice in connection with the opposition of the Maharajah to his plan to do missionary work.

Not without some difficulty he found "The Philosopher's" house in Whitechapel, and while he stood in the tiny sitting-room waiting for him to come down-stairs he looked out through the narrow window into the busy street.

Presently "The Philosopher" entered and greeted Tagor heartily. Then the prince immediately told him the object of his visit. "The love of God, my friend, comes before the love of either father or mother," the older man reminded him. "The service of the Master is above all things. Stick to your work. Do your duty as you see it and all will be well with you in the end."

Much encouraged by this advice, Tagor set sail for India the next day and in less than two months later had established his mission and entered upon his life-work.

By the time that Tagor had been gone a year a second gay social season was in full swing and the princess was extremely active socially. Little by little the fame of her beauty was spreading and she was rapidly becoming the toast of London. Then, in the height of the season, she made the acquaintance of the Count Boris Voronsky, a Russian nobleman who was famed in his own country as a heartless and accomplished roué.

Traveling with him was a beautiful woman whom he introduced to society as his sister, the Countess Voronsky.

When Count Voronsky was introduced to Indora she was wearing a

gown in the prevailing mode, a gown which displayed the beauty of her slim back and her white shoulders with the utmost frankness and for wearing which the Maharajah had reproved her strongly a short time before. The Russian, who had an eye as keen as that of an eagle for all the elements which went to make up a beautiful woman, took one good look at the princess and promptly decided that she was a prize worth the winning.

Having determined to bestow his suit upon her he concealed the Tartar savageness of his nature beneath a flawless social polish and immediately began to show her marked attentions.

The princess was much impressed with the gallantry of her new acquaintance and seeing that he was making an impression on her, the Russian followed up his initial efforts with persistent attentions.

After an acquaintanceship of a month they attended a garden fête one evening and after several dances the count led his companion to a sequestered nook where he began to woo her more ardently than he had ever dared before. Presently his wild Tartar nature burst the bounds of restraint and he seized her in his arms and kissed her passionately again and again.

With a desperate effort she freed herself from his mad embrace and when he saw how shocked and horrified she was at his behavior the wily rascal flung himself on his knees before her and cried: "Forgive me. I did not know what I was doing. I was drunk with the beauty of you."

It is always a paliative to a woman's outraged feelings to tell her that her beauty has driven you temporarily insane, as the count well knew, and presently at his continued pleadings Indora bowed her head in token of forgiveness.

His little experience with Indora taught him that she was incorruptible and that her native modesty and prudery were proof against all his wiles, so he decided that since there was no other way to win her he would ask her to marry him. Accordingly he waited for a favorable time and then when his surroundings were most favorable to his cause he said to her: "Indora, I love you. Will you marry me?"

The girl hesitated for just the fraction of a second and then said shyly: "Yes, Boris, I will."

An evil smile of triumph flashed across the count's face as he took her in his arms and sealed their bargain with a kiss.

At that moment Tagor at the other side of the world was awakened with a start from a sound sleep by a powerful premonition of evil. Leaping to his feet, he tossed the bedclothes to one side and, calling to his man, ordered him to pack at once. He could not shake off the impression that there was great need for him at his father's house, and early the following day he set sail for England.

At the end of six weary weeks of traveling he arrived at his journey's end and motored straight out to the suburb where his father's house was situated.

When his car drew up at his father's door he sprang up the white stone steps which led to the broad veranda of the house and there he beheld Indora dressed in a suit of riding clothes cut strictly in the mode and smoking a cigarette. Without the slightest embarrassment at being found unawares attired as she was and sprawled out in that unlady-like fashion, with her cigarette dangling from her lips, she glanced up at him and then coolly welcomed him home.

He was astonished at the change in her, but he did not have to wait very long for an explanation of the reason for that change.

When he had been home a week the princess came to him one afternoon when he was brooding in his study and put her arms about his neck. "I am so glad that you are a minister, Tagor," she whispered.

"Why this sudden pleasure over that fact, Indora?" he asked curiously.

"Because Boris, the Count Voronsky, and I are to be married and I want you to perform the ceremony."

"But, Indora, my father would never consent to your marrying any one but a person of your own race," rejoined Tagor in a shocked voice.

"Oh, bother your father! He keeps me down too much, anyway. I am of age now and I shall marry whom I please."

"But really, Indora, I cannot perform this marriage for you. My father would never forgive me for doing so."

"Very well, then. I shall go with the count without marriage."

A look of horror crossed Tagor's face as he sprang to his feet and faced her. Then taking her in his arms he drew her to him and asked gently: "Do you love this man, Indora?"

"With all my heart, with every fibre of my being," she replied.

"And your love for me, what has become of that?"

"My love for you is that of a sister for a good brother. It is not the love upon which marriage should be founded."

Slowly he bent his head and kissed her. Then he said softly: "All right, Indora, your happiness is the principal —the only thing. I will marry you."

The next evening in the village chapel Tagor performed the most difficult task of his life when he married Indora to the Count Voronsky, a man against whom his every instinct warned him.

About an hour after the ceremony Countess Voronsky drove up to the Maharajah's house and demanded an immediate audience with him on a matter of the greatest urgency.

"Your highness, I returned to my house in London an hour or more ago and found this note in Boris's dressing-room. Perhaps you can tell me what it means," she exclaimed breathlessly.

The Maharajah took the note, spread it out before him, and read this message:

"Everything arranged for our marriage. Meet me in the village chapel this evening at six. INDORA."

With a look of incredulity on his face the man looked up at the countess and said gravely:

"I know nothing of the meaning of this, but I shall set an investigation on foot immediately."

To the servant who answered his

ring he gave his order, "Send the Prince Tagor here immediately."

A few minutes later the young minister entered his father's room for the first time since his return from India, and after the two men had exchanged grave bows the Maharajah handed his son Indora's note. "Do you know anything about the matter that is written there?"

"Yes, I married the Count Voronsky and Indora this evening in the village chapel."

A look of furious anger spread over the Maharajah's face and he tried to rise from his couch, but his action was cut short by a loud laugh from the Countess Voronsky. Inquiringly both men turned to her.

"I am laughing because what you say is so ridiculous. The Count Voronsky is already married and I am his wife."

"But you were introduced to London society as his sister," expostulated the Maharajah.

"For diplomatic reasons, your majesty, but that does not alter the fact that I am his wife."

Having shot this bolt she turned and strode haughtily out of the room.

The Maharajah immediately ordered his servant to bring his great sword. Unsheathing it, and kissing the naked blade, he turned to Prince Tagor.

"The honor of our house has been sullied. I am too sick to avenge the insult. That task falls to you. Take this sword of your ancestors and go avenge the wrong which has been done us."

"But, father, I cannot. I am a Christian minister and my creed is a creed of love for my fellow-men. Again and again the Bible says: 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' I cannot do it."

"Take your choice." he invited, holding the weapons out for inspection.

"Out of my presence, coward! I disown you. You are no son of mine. Never darken my door again."

Slowly Tagor turned from the room and retired to his own study, where a violent battle ensued within him between the principles of his religion and his instincts as a man. Finally, human nature prevailed and he tore his clerical garb from his body and attired himself in the costume of his own race and rank. Then he sought out his father, whom he found sword in hand prostrating himself before the throne of Buddha.

Fiercely Tagor explained that he had decided to do his duty, and with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes the father handed him the sword of his ancestors. Then with a smile on his face the old man died in his son's arms.

Within the hour Tagor was on his way to the count's London house in a high-powered motor car. When he arrived he found the great outer doors bolted and barred and received no response to his ring. Determined that he would not be cheated of his vengeance Tagor smashed the heavy lock with the hilt of his sword. Then, sword in hand, he strode into the house.

The Count Voronsky was seated at a table in the great hall when Tagor burst in upon him. Ignoring the intruder's demand for Indora, he rose and raised his glass aloft in a toast to the newcomer. With the back of his hand Tagor knocked the glass aside. Furious, the man demanded to know what he wanted, to which the prince replied: "I want your life."

"Then you shall fight for it," replied the count as he went to a closet and drew forth a pair of swords and a pair of pistols. "Now, take your choice," he invited, holding the weapons out for inspection. Tagor chose pistols. The two men stood back to back, walked six paces away, and then turned and faced each other. The count had won the right to the first shot and he fired. His bullet went wild and he stood with a look of dismay on his face waiting for his opponent to shoot. At this juncture Indora, who had been attracted by the noise, ran into the room and flinging herself upon the count pleaded with

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Tagor not to shoot him. Already the deeply instilled principles of Christianity were exerting their forces upon the young minister, and with a little sigh he bowed to the girl, placed his pistol on the table and walked slowly out of the room.

When Tagor had gone Count Voronsky tried to take Indora in his arms, but she repulsed him fiercely, saying:

"Don't touch me. I hate you. Countess Voronsky managed to gain admittance to the house and to my room, and she has told me everything. I only said I loved you to save his hands from the stain of your ignoble blood. It is he I love. I realize it now. Let me pass."

"And I tell you that the woman who claims to be my wife is not my lawful wife. I married her on the field of battle to save her from my Cosssacks. She is only a yellow ticket bride. Now come here."

"I will not. I insist that you let me pass," defied Indora.

"Very well. From now on we are in Russia. I will show you how we treat our women in my country."

So saying he took a heavy whip down from the wall and approached the girl. She tried to escape him and as they struggled about the room the man lurched heavily against the table and overturned a candle which fell upon the revolver Tagor had laid down with the hammer raised. In a second the heat of the candle caused the revolver to explode and a bullet tore through the count's back. As he fell to the floor Tagor, who had been lingering uncertainly outside, came tearing into the room. Quickly Indora explained what had happened and putting his arm about her he led her away. As they passed out of the house the dawn began to break, giving promise of a long life of love and happiness for them both. Back in the sombre room the real Countess Voronsky knelt beside the body of the count and with uplifted face murmured the prayers for the dead.

In next week's issue Cinema Sadie adopts a sideline giving her readers the latest news of screen favorites. Don't miss it, for in this story Sadie out-Sadies herself.

THE AFFAIRS OF LADY HAMILTON

(*Continued from Page* 10)

oughly grounded in discipline to dare more than a verbal battle with a man so far above him in rank. But he handed Captain Hart his hat and cane with a gesture so threatening that, remembering he was alone with this muscular young sailor, the naval officer took them without further ado.

"You'll hear more of this, young man," he declared grimly as he made his way to the door.

"Oh, Tom"—Emma fell weeping into her foster-brother's arms—"I'm afraid you'll get into trouble and it's all my fault."

"Don't worry!" Tom attempted to cheer her up. "Everything will be all right. We'll get you better lodgings at once. That man won't find either of us if he has the boldness to return here."

In the new quarters Emma soon forgot her anxieties and the days sped past all too quickly, bringing the last evening that Tom would spend ashore, for his ship sailed in the morning.

"I'll take you to a sailor's dance," he told Emma blithely as he called at her lodgings.

Pleased and eager, Emma dressed up in her simple best and the two were soon in the midst of the gay crowd that thronged a typical sailors' dance-hall. Jigs and sailors' hornpipes, danced with a vigor that threatened to bring down the roof, were in progress when there was a stir near the door and a group of silk-hatted individuals entered, accompanied by an escort of sailors.

"They're here to break up the dance. They're from Captain Hart's ship," Emma heard a man telling his neighbor.

From Captain Hart's ship! Her heart stood still. How could she save Tom from the trouble she felt intuitively was in store for him should the boatswain Tug recognize him as the man who had driven the captain from her lodgings? Her woman's wit suggested the solution. "I'll make friends with them."

It was not difficult for the starry-eyed girl to attract the attention of any man on whom she bent her arch glances. Her grace and gaiety singled her out as the belle of the ball.

"You're the prettiest wench I've seen since I came ashore!" one of the sailors from Captain Hart's ship confided to her as he swung her through the mazes of the reel. "Too pretty a lass to leave without kissing goodby." Suiting the action to the words, he bent and imprinted a loud smack upon Emma's lips.

"You beast!" Tom's fist shot out and floored the impudent rascal before he knew what was happening. Four of the fellow's mates swarmed forward to avenge him and in an instant the whole room was in an uproar. Under cover of the free-for-all Tom and Emma managed to make her escape, and with many a backward look to see if they were pursued reached Emma's lodgings apparently unseen.

"I'll go straight to my ship," Tom promised as he bade Emma a fond farewell.

"Don't worry about me, Tom. I'll be all right," the girl reassured him, and with a last embrace she closed the door and went to her room, leaving Tom to take his way down the deserted street toward the river.

Suddenly there was a rush of feet, smothered curses, a short, desperate scuffle, the noise of which penetrated to Emma's lodgings and brought her to the window faint with apprehension. Two gangs of ruffians coming from opposite directions were closing in upon Tom. There was no escape. Captain Hart had made good his threat. As she helplessly watched him being borne away toward the Thames, bound and gagged, a groan went up from the young girl's lips.

"It's all my fault. If it hadn't been for me Tom would never have had any words with Captain Hart."

She threw herself upon the bed in a passion of weeping. Was there no way to rescue her brave foster-brother? Would no one speak a word in his defense? All at once she sprang

to her feet, the light of a brave resolution in her eyes.

"I'll go to Captain Hart myself and intercede for him!" she cried. "No man could be so heartless, so unjust, as to mistreat a brave sailor whose only fault has been the zealous desire to protect a woman."

She scarcely slept at all in her eagerness for the daylight and a chance to put her plan into action. When she arrived the next morning on board the H. M. S. she gave her order, "Take me to Captain Hart!" with as much of an air as her youth and inexperience could assume.

The captain, having seen to it that "the obstreperous young scoundrel" had been put in irons below deck, was seated in his cabin lustily and noisily consuming a joint of mutton and an enormous tankard of ale.

At Emma's entrance he looked up without visible emotion, continuing to ply the doubled-edged knife with which he was slicing the mutton.

"Well," he observed at length between huge mouthfuls, "I suppose you think I had that upstart sailor captured in order to get you into my power?"

Emma looked at him in silence.

"You're right!" he admitted. "I did!"

He raised the tankard of ale, his face totally eclipsed behind it as he gulped down the contents.

In that instant Emma spied the knife upon the table, snatched it up and concealed it in the hand held behind her back. Already she regretted her folly in thrusting herself into this beast's presence.

The captain set down the tankard perceptibly lighter than when he had lifted it.

"Now," he announced, smacking his lips, "I'm going to have him flogged for your entertainment."

With a lightning-like movement Emma lunged forward, the knife clenched in her right hand, and buried it to the hilt—in the joint of mutton!

The crafty officer, anticipating her design, had lifted it just in the nick of time to thwart her purpose.

Grasping her arm with a violence that left black-and-blue imprints upon the tender flesh, he dragged her to the deck. Every sailor came to a salute as he haughtily surveyed the scene.

"Bring up that scum of the earth and flog him till I say stop," he bellowed, while the miserable Emma covered her eyes and tried to shut out the dreadful sounds.

Tom, his wrists bound and his back bared for the cruel lash, was brutally thrust forward. Down came the whip upon his white flesh. A streak of red showed the course of the blow.

"Spare him! Oh, captain, tell them to stop!" Falling upon her knees, Emma clasped Captain Hart's hand, the tears streaming down her face as she looked up at him imploringly.

"If I spare him will you be nice to me?" leered the captain, playing upon her wretchedness and helplessness as a cat plays with a mouse. "Because I'm going to let them keep right on flogging him until you promise to do whatever I ask," he finished coolly.

"Yes! Yes!" moaned Emma. "Anything! I'll do anything! Only tell them to stop!"

"Untie him and take him below. Keep him under your eye until after the boat is well out to sea!" commanded Captain Hart. "And you, beauty-in-distress, come along with me to my cabin. This will insure your obedience." As he spoke he took up a stout oaken club that lay on the deck and led his helpless captive below.

When Emma Lyon, deflowered of all that maidenhood holds dear, disillusioned and penniless, at last succeeded in making her escape from Captain Hart's cabin, it was to find herself facing absolute beggary. Not yet seventeen, without resources other than the rare beauty that had been the cause of her undoing, yet too proud to return home in ruin and want, she wandered aimlessly through the teeming streets of the greatest city in Christendom.

The pinch of hunger and the bitter winds of destitution had her at their mercy, for it was not easy in her plight and inexperience in the ways of the world to find a means of earning her daily bread. More than once she went supperless to her mean lodgings, and as the days passed, bringing no change in her forlorn condition, she almost surrendered that marvelous courage that was to be her shield and buckler through all the vicissitudes of her eventful life.

At last she found a situation as nursemaid in a family of moderate means. Her disposition was amiable and she had the love for children to be found in most young women of her age.

Hers was a striking face and figure. Historians record that she had "a profusion of auburn curls, a forehead broad but none too high for facial symmetry, finely arched and finely pencilled eyebrows, violet eyes whose shyness was strangely winning, a delicate nose, whose aquiline curve was so slight as to escape notice at the first view, a short upper lip, a dainty mouth, already giving promise of the voluptuous charm it displays on Romney's canvas, a chin of incomparable shapeliness, good teeth, a complexion bright and pure as an angel's color, a countenance deliciously eloquent of sensibility and in restful moments of seraphic sweetness, a head set like a bit of antique art on the long, fair neck, a figure slight and tall, but not so tall as to be inconveniently conspicuous, a shape whose contours already showed how perfect they would be in the season of their maturity.

"When this nursery girl tripped along a London street on a speedy errand," records Jeaffreson, "or paced the pavement with a babe in her arms, beggars blessed her for her beauty whilst people of better breeding stopped as she passed them and regarded her silently till she disappeared from view."

The resiliency of youth is one of nature's miracles. Tragic and terrible though her first experience in London had been, Emma Lyon's buoyant spirits and exuberant health soon brought forgetfulness of every moment of misery. One lasting result, however, remained from her treatment at the hands of Captain Hart. Never again, she resolved, would she meet men save on her own terms. Hereafter they should be the victims, she the dictator; they the puppets and toys of Fate, she the disdainful, indifferent mistress who, understanding the baseness of their nature, would play upon it only

to her own advantage. Ambition was renewed in her sanguine breast, and feeling that there were better things in store for her in life than the humble post of nurserymaid, she restlessly passed from one "situation" to another.

It was during these periodic changes from one mode of life to another, and at a time when her fortunes were at a disastrously low ebb, that Emma Lyon through a seemingly casual occurrence took the most decisive step of her checkered career.

The girl whose lovely form and alluring face had originally been the cause of her downfall now found herself indebted to these very gifts for deliverance from the stigma of domestic servitude.

(*To be continued*)

Would you want any one to forget your face? That is the plea of one of the handsomest recruits to the screen. He tells you why in next week's issue.

CONFESSIONS OF A PICTURE STAR

(*Continued from Page* 7)

chap, shy and retiring, but a real man. He certainly proved it the night of Betty Marie's trouble. I don't blame her for liking him.

November 23

Another bad day—no sun, plenty of clouds, and a generous supply of rain.

That advertising man—the one who gave us all the o. o., as Dora put it that day, which seems ages and ages ago—called me on the phone tonight and wanted me to pose for the picture to-morrow.

"But I can't," I told him. "I'm working."

(Who knows? It might clear up tomorrow.)

He had a long conversation with some one in the same room and then finally remembered that I was hanging on the other end of the wire.

"Could you come to the studio at eight in the evening?" he inquired.

Man-like, he was all the more anxious because I seemed out of his reach.

I could and I would.

"What does it pay?" I inquired nervously.

"Seven-fifty."

"I'll be there," I agreed.

Now if it will only be clear to-morrow that will mean twelve-fifty.

Again I see a bright star twinkling in the distance.

November 24

It was a perfect day. Dora says it was because it was her turn for a seance with the alarm clock.

At Dyckman street ferry we found groups of extras ornamenting the railroad tracks, draping themselves on the sides of the hills, and otherwise making that particular section of the city look like an old-fashioned picnic. We soon learned that the boat *Henry James* had been chartered for the day.

"But I hear that it is to be returned safe and sound at the end of the afternoon," our informant added.

I drew a sigh of relief. At least it was not to be one of those sinking scenes in which one has to gurgle one's way up from the damp deep.

"All aboard!" Mr. Bennet shouted, and we betook ourselves to the *Henry James*.

Of course all the way over to the Jersey side we kept our eyes open for a glimpse of Miss White.

"Maybe she's swimming along on the side wheel," some one suggested.

As the boat neared the slip we caught sight of her standing on the gang-plank beside an automobile. She and Mr. Seitz and the cameramen had driven up from the studio on the Jersey side.

She is every bit as pretty as her pictures; in fact, there doesn't seem to be a flaw in her face. Her hair is a marvelous gold. Some of the other extras wisely informed us that it was a wig, but we couldn't believe it at first, it fitted in with her so perfectly.

She wore a black velvet jacket piped with white, a white vest, a checked skirt and a black velvet tam. Some people seemed just made for tams and Pearl White is one of them.

When the boat docked Mr. Seitz explained the scene to us.

"Some of the shots to-day will be reverse action," he said. "This is what I mean: Miss White and Mr. Gsell are in the water. The ferryboat is approaching them. It looks as if they will be crushed against the slip. There is no earthly help for them; at least that is how it will look when the fans sit on the edge of their seats and hold their breath at Miss White's daring. What really happens is that we reverse both the film and the action and instead of having the boat coming toward the slip we have it going out into the river."

And this isn't the simple matter it may seem. One's mind must always be on the alert in order to insure the success of the operation. For instance, it would be fatal if when Miss White and Mr. Gsell were brought up from the river, which in reality was accomplished by letting them down into it, there were any drops dripping from their clothing.

"If the water is dripping off it will look as if it's dripping on," the director explained.

Goodness, if I'd only known all this when I went hunting for the job, I thought to myself. When the Jersey City downpour assailed me I would have called "Camera, reverse action," and the water, instead of dripping on me, would have dripped off. On the other hand, when I attempted to board the car the conductor might have put me off and when I entered the studio I might really have been leaving it. On second thoughts I guess it isn't as good as it appears at first sight.

(*To be continued*)

Are stunt stars really injured in the taking of their pictures? Read the conclusion of Margery's day on board the *Henry James* with Pearl White.

The entire civilized world felt the loss of Wallace Reid, but none so keenly as the wife whose interests were one with her famous star-husband. Next week's issue contains her plans to help save others from the tragedy that has darkened her life. You will be interested in "Fighting the Drug Traffic with Mr. Wallace Reid."

CINEMA SADIE

(*Continued from Page* 13)

"Oh, yes, now when Mike finds out he's got a kink on his hands he has ter do some tall thinkin', so he asts this royal baby a couple of questions how he happens ter lose the job of kinkin'.

"Jeromir tells Mike that his people got tired of payin' fer his board and lodgin' and thought that he was old enough ter go to work. Yer see, he was truthful at any rate. Now the one-night stand that our home-wreckin' kink ruled over was a burg called Moravia. Don't ast me where it is—yer can't find it. It's one of them joke countries that keeps hidin' behind a tree or somethin'. Well, it don't take Mike long ter find out that he's head and heels in love with his wife. He's certainly strong fer Marion. Altho' he's been hitched ter her fer nineteen long years he kinda feels that he'd like ter try it fer another nineteen, but the question is, how can he get rid of his royal nibs, that crashes into his shack without an invitation.

"Yer see, Mike's got all kinds of dough, so he can do a lot of talkin' ter the guys at Washington, that's runnin' this joke called Moravia. So he orders a meetin' at his house and arranges shippin' this kink without a country back ter the old folks at home. Michael soon gets hep ter the idea that this Moravia ain't got no money, and if it don't get any soon it will be 'Over the hills ter the poorhouse.' But they's rich in one thing. They have lots of wheat and grain, but nobody's got any coin ter buy it. This is pie fer Mike, he bein' a dealer in just the thing they have ter sell, so he makes a proposition ter the diplomatics, that if they take the kink back and keep him chained on the throne and see that he don't come visitin' Chicago he'll buy all their wheat and grain and pay fer it in regular United States dough. He offers them seven millions bucks. Well, as soon as they gets out of the hospital after the shock, they accepts Mike's offer and puts it up ter the kink. The kink an't so stuck on sittin' on a rubber throne that can bounce him off any time he ain't a good little boy. Anyway he's daffy about Mike's wife, so he renigs at goin' back, because once back in Moravia with a lot of dough he has ter go into harness with a queen, an ugly lookin' jane who's runnin' ter avoirdupois, but she's there with all kinds of kale. Yer see, the idea these diplomatics figure out is ter get these two countries together and let nature take its course.

"Now here's the interestin' part of the story. I ain't mentioned Mike's little flapper daughter yet, have I? Well, her name is Tilly and she's a cute little devil. She ain't lettin' her mother get ahead of her, so she has a love affair all her own. She's vampin' a kind of a perfessor of a dime museum whose work is puttin' together the bones of a lot of has-been animals that's passed out of this wicked world about thirty thousand years ago. This bird is called Nathan Reede and when yer get a flash of him fer the first time he's laborin' on tryin' ter fill the teeth of an extinct pet rhinoceros that kinda looks like a cross between an elephant and the Woolworth building. Anyway, he's got a big job and Tilly's strong fer this guy. Now here's where the excitin' part of the picture comes. As soon as Marion tumbles ter the idea that Jeromir is a regular kink she goes dippy over him fer fair, because they ain't a woman livin' that don't like the job of bein' a queen. So when Jeromir asts her ter come up and give his apartment the o. o., she accepts with bells on her fingers and rings on her toes. Now Tilly gets wise ter her mamma's foolishness and thinks she'll do a little visitin' to the kink on her own account, although she knows that if Nathan should ever hear of what she was doin' it would be an awful hard job ter make him understand it was fer her mother's and father's happiness she risked her own.

"And strange ter say Mike was in on the know of what was goin' on, so he hikes along ter the kink's flat ter be in fer the killin'. At this time yer holdin' yer seat and yer breathin' awful hard, because if Mike finds his wife playin' around in the kink's nursery they's goin' ter be some rough-housin'. Now Jeromir ain't wised up ter the fact that the angel child sneaked into his room unbeknowns ter him, so when Mike bursts into the royal tenement sudden-like and wishes him 'The top o' the marnin',' he ain't feelin' so good, knowin' that he's concealin' somethin' that don't belong ter him. Mike don't waste any time but starts prospectin' around the room—but instead of findin' his wife he only finds his daughter. This takes quite a load of trouble off of his chest, but that don't stop our Michael from givin' his royal highness the spankin' of his sweet young life, and when he starts in explainin' ter the kink that he ought ter be a good little boy and go home ter where he belongs the kink is only too willin' ter agree ter whatever he says.

"Marion, realizin' the great sacrifice her daughter has made and gettin' a little understandin' in that solid mahogany of hers, tells Mike that he's the only guy fer her after all is said and done.

"Oh, Mamie, it was a grand finish, especially where Marion says at the end, 'Kinks was made fer thrones, but wives was made fer husbands.'——

"What's that, sir? How do I know they's mushrooms and not toadstools? Well, that's easy ter find out. Eat 'em, and if yer alive ter-morrer they's mushrooms.

"Yes, chef, comin'. Draw one, cream on the side."

DIGNITY PLUS

REX INGRAM had a strange applicant for a job as an extra at the Metro studios during the filming of "Scaramouche." Mr. Ingram wanted a number of extras to appear in a scene showing a gathering of French nobles. He sought men of erect carriage and dignified posture, who would be able to convey the illusion of pomp. "I'm just the guy for the job," said the applicant mentioned above. "I have the experience. I used to wear a sandwich sign advertising Schnitz's liverwurst. Nobody can wear one of those things without ecoming very dignified. You can't bend over."

He got the job.

THEIR FIRST LOVE AFFAIR

(*Continued from Page 6*)

everlasting favorite of the baseball fans, "Casey At the Bat."

Mr. Hopper knows nothing of this life-long infatuation of mine. He's never realized the sacrifices of the lit-the schoolgirl who went without new hair ribbons in order to squeeze out enough for second balcony seats from which to adore him, he's never sent me flowers or books or candy. He's never even met his famous namesake, my Maltese cat. But "love is not love that alters when it alteration finds," and I still proudly boast that my very earliest flame was DeWolf Hopper. God bless him!

By MARGUERITE COURTOT

ALL the world knows now that Raymond McKee was responsible for my first love affair, so I guess I can talk about it without embarrassment. Of course I knew Raymond McKee for a long time. We met years ago when I was just making my start in films. I was then with the old Kalem Company and Mr. McKee was playing small parts with Edison. We were good friends, but that was about all.

Fate seemed to take a hand with the result that both Mr. McKee and I were cast for the leading rôles in Elmer Clifton's story of old whaling days entitled "Down To the Sea In Ships." It took us quite a long time to make this picture, with the result that we were brought constantly in contact with each other and the old friendship was renewed.

Our engagement was announced in MOVING PICTURE STORIES some months ago, and on April 4 we were married in the Little Church Around the Corner. We had a wonderful trip to Cuba for our honeymoon and we are now settled in a cozy little apartment in New York City.

The great step in our happiness has been gained through our work together in "Down To the Sea In Ships," and both Raymond and I owe a debt of thanks to Elmer Clifton, producer of this picture.

Rae Wright is still on the track of love affairs. If your favorite star hasn't confided to you yet he or she may do so in next week's issue.

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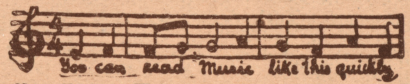

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THE ACTRESS ON THE COVER

LOIS WILSON is the first schoolmarm that ever broke into the movies. When she entered the Alabama State Normal School after her graduation from high school, she wasn't altogether convinced that she wanted to make school-teaching her life-work. She had vague ambitions of becoming an actress, but since Destiny seemed a fearfully long while about taking its course, she resolved to occupy the interim in learning the art of pedagogy.

She graduated from Normal School and was assigned to teach in an institution in Alabama.

She was just getting into the swing of the work when one of the big Birmingham newspapers started a motion picture beauty contest, promising that the winner would be sent out to the Panama-Pacific Exposition and would also get a tryout in the movies at Los Angeles. She sent in her picture and won the contest, nineteen bachelors voting her the prettiest girl in Alabama!

Miss Wilson started for the Coast soon after, saw the exposition, and journeyed on to Los Angeles, but there, for some reason, the promised "test" fell through.

In Los Angeles she heard that Lois Weber was making pictures in Chicago. She took the next Eastbound train and begged her for a chance. At first the producer didn't take her seriously and advised her to go back to her school-teaching. But Lois insisted so hard that Miss Weber decided she meant it and gave her a small part in "The Blind Girl of Portici," starring Anna Pavlova.

Not long after Miss Weber went back to Los Angeles and took Lois with her. Her first real part was a lead opposite Warren Kerrigan. She spent two years playing leads for various companies. Then she was offered a chance by Paramount to play in a Bryant Washburn comedy and seized it. She has been with them ever since.

Her latest releases are "Our Leading Citizen," "Manslaughter," "Bella Donna" and "The Covered Wagon." She has just finished with the William DeMille production, "Only 38."

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AGENTS WANTED—BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 171, East Orange, N. J.

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MAKE $30.00 DAILY, taking orders for $3.95 Union-made raincoats. Factory prices. Largest commission. Your pay daily. We deliver and collect. American Eagle Raincoat Co., 155 No. Union St., Dept. 318, Chicago.

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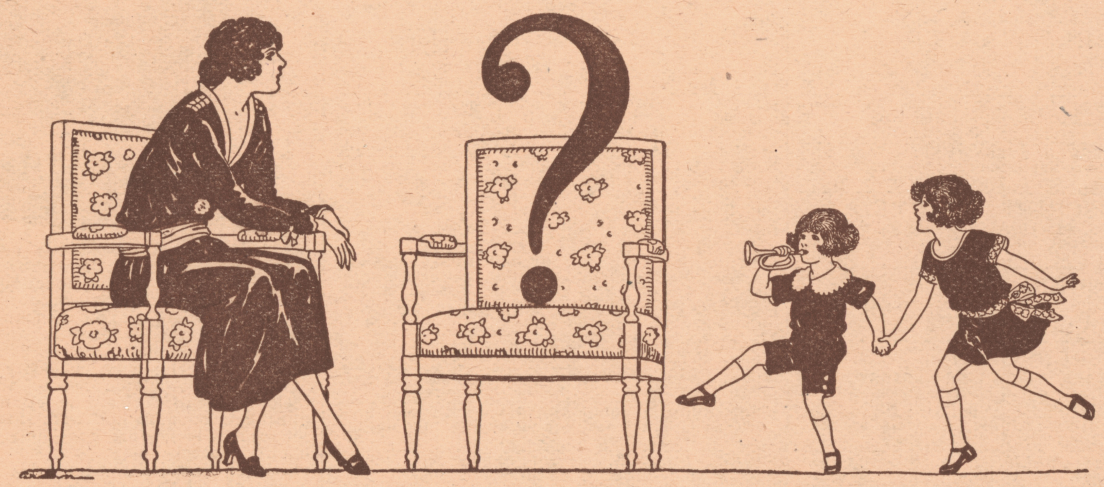

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